

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO

CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."



"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Couper.*

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Our Dumb Animals.

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THE BIRD BOY.

FROM CHAMBERS MISCELLANY.

FRANCISCO MICHELO, a Sardinian boy, left peniless with a mother and sisters, conceived the idea of supporting them by the exhibition and sale of trained birds, such as chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, wrens, ring-doves, and pigeons.

He also trained a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favorite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called Bianca, suffered the birds to play all manner of tricks with her; and never did she extend her claws, or offer to hurt her companions.

He went even farther; for, not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part; and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep. The cage was then opened, and the little tricksy birds rushed out upon her, and endeavored to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then, dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times, she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur with great gentleness and satisfaction. The

birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was so new and unexpected, that, when Francisco produced them at the fair of Sussari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bounds, when they heard him call each feathered favorite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers.

Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally; and Francisco returned in the evening, with his little heart swelling with joy.

This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became exceedingly attached to him. This partridge, which he called Rosoletta, on one occasion brought back to him a beautiful goldfinch that had escaped from its cage, and was lost in an adjoining garden. Francisco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, Rosoletta, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the linden trees, towards home. And, when successful, seated him, in apparent disgrace, in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph for her success.

Francisco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. During the three days of Francisco's illness, preceding his death, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed; some lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head; a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any nourishment.

The death of Francisco showed, in a remarkable manner, what affections may be excited in animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francisco's birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor; but none of his feathered favorites manifested on his decease such real and inconsolable grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francisco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his interment, she sat upon an adjoining cy-

press, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother, for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel, which looked upon his grave. And here she lived, and here she died, about four months after the death of her beloved master.

Master Francisco had a good motive in training animals; and perhaps it was the only thing he could do in that country. But we think American boys can find better employment; for, with all the birds' affection for their master, it was not a natural life for them. And yet the result of kind treatment was apparent. — *Ed. Our Dumb Animals.*

AN ACCOMMODATING HORSE.

"SEVERAL years ago, when I was returning from a tour to the West, I put up at a small town near the Alleghany Mountains. Whilst I was sitting, watching the variegated hues produced by the rays of the setting sun upon that wild, rough, mountain scenery, I saw eight or nine large baggage-wagons approaching, drawn by four, and some of them by six, horses. I now ascertained that the tavern where I was stopping, was a regular lodging-place for those strong, coarse mountain wagoners. A short distance from the place where I was sitting, in front of the house, was a pump, with a large trough, which was used for watering horses. The handle of this pump, I noticed, always sprung up whenever any one got through using it. Some pump-handles, you know, always fall down: this sprung up; so that a person, when pumping, had no occasion to lift the handle: it raised itself.

"At the time the string of wagons approached the tavern, there was but little water in the trough,—not nearly enough to supply the horses. Imagine, if you can, my pleasure and surprise, to see one of the horses that was first unharnessed, go to the pump, lay his head over the handle, press it down, and make the water issue from the spout. As he raised his head, the handle would spring up; but down again he would press it, and force the water into the trough. In this manner that horse kept pumping with his head, until all the horses had finished drinking. He then left the handle, went round to the trough, drank as much as he wanted himself, and then deliberately walked into the stable and took his place in one of the stalls." — *Anecdotes from Barnard's Singular Sagacity.*

Our Dumb Animals.

MOTHER-LOVE IN A RAT.

MR. BENJAMIN TAYLOR, of Taylor, Dunaway, & Brothers, lumber merchants, on Eighth Street, relates an incident of which he was an eye-witness at his lumber-yard, that strongly illustrates that universal feeling, mother-love, which so pervades all animal life.

In removing the last boards of a stack of planks, a rat's nest, with nine young ones, was found underneath. The little rodents were about the size of mice, and were able to crawl about at a lively rate. An old-fashioned wire-trap was procured, the young rats put into it, a weight put on the top, and it was left on the nest, and watched. The trap was a semi-sphere with a funnel-shaped entrance in the top and a lifting door in the side.

After waiting some half hour the mother rat made her appearance, showing evident anxiety about her litter. She hesitated some time before approaching the trap; but finally her affection prevailed, and she boldly ventured out, within twenty feet and in full view of the watchers. She ran several times around the prison that contained her young, tried the wires with her teeth, and made many demonstrations of solicitude and distress. At length, finding that she could not get in to the young ones, she determined to bring them out to her. The manner in which she accomplished this showed something akin to that reason of which man is wont to boast that he is the only possessor.

Placing herself close against the wires, she made a peculiar noise,—a kind of gentle squeak,—which immediately attracted the attention of her young; and they came to the familiar call. First, one little fellow put his nose between the wires; and, being a little encouraged and helped by the mother, who pressed her own nose between the same wires, thus spreading them a little wider apart, he squeezed his head through. In an instant she caught him by the back of the neck; and, in spite of his squealing and crying under the painful process, she pulled him forcibly through the wires, and ran off with him under a pile of lumber near by. Probably a minute elapsed before she reappeared, having deposited her rescued young one in safety. She was evidently encouraged by her success, and emboldened by the fact that she had not been molested, and proceeded to rescue one after another of her young in the same manner, until she had taken out eight.

The watchers then half buried the trap in the loose dirt, and for a while the devoted mother was in great distress about how to get out the last of her litter; but she soon found that the little fellow couldn't reach her through the top, and she commenced digging down to him, throwing out the dirt eagerly as if incited to extra exertions by the lamentations of her young one. She burrowed just in front of the lifting door, on reaching which she immediately entered, and to her surprise found herself a prisoner. She had sacrificed her own liberty to her mother-love, and, as the event proved, her life also; for she was killed, though her labors in behalf of that feeling which is instinct in all, and which is probably the most sacred impulse of the human heart, should have won mercy from her captors, and secured her harm.—*Covington (Ky.) Journal.*

CANINE GRIEF.—L. H. Harrington, of East St. Johnsbury, lost his horse, twenty years old, which he has owned and driven for the past twelve years. An incident of canine affection occurred in connection with his death worth mentioning. Harrington's dog, which has usually followed the horse, manifested a good deal of grief when the old horse was drawn out of the stable. He followed on as chief mourner, to a point on the mountain two miles from the village, where the old horse was left. As they returned, the dog was whining pitifully, and gazed upon the dead body of his old companion. Not returning at night, they went for him, and found him lying between the horse's legs. They took him away, placed him in the sleigh, and, when part way home, the dog got away, and ran back, taking his old place between the legs. A second attempt to get him was successful, since which he stays at home.—*Lyndon Union.*

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

It's a very good rule in all things of life,
When judging a friend or brother,
Not to look at the question alone on one side,
But always turn to the other.
We are apt to be selfish in all our views,
In the jostling, headlong race,
And so to be right, ere you censure a man,
Just "put yourself in his place."

It is very hard to be just — to know,
The reason another may give, —
How much he has struggled and fought and striven,
How honestly tried to live;
How much been cheated, how sorely tried,
Ere the wrong he was forced to embrace;
And, if you would learn these things, the way
Is to "put yourself in his place."

There's many a man crushed down by shame,
Who blameless stands before God,
But whom his fellows have utterly scorned,
And made "to pass under the rod;"
Whose soul is unstained by the thought of sin,
Who will yet find saving grace,
And who would be praised where you now condemn,
If you would "put yourself in his place."

"NOT FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT."

THERE is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that kind occurred in a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was very much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then she returned to her nest. The workmen observed this, and narrated it to their employers; and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but, as the rock could not always be ready to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose: the thrush flew down close to where they stood. But she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with her process of incubation: the consequence was, that afterwards, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge, to ascertain if the workmen did retreat; and, if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen: I'm not to be roused off my eggs for your amusement."

A FRIENDLY HORSE.—A few days since, as we were leaving our residence on our usual morning visit to the office, a sorrel horse belonging to us galloped up and caught our arm, and made an attempt to pull us in the direction he wished to go. He then left, and went off at a quick gait toward a pasture on a farm about a quarter of a mile distant from our residence. In a few minutes he approached us again, making an unusual noise, and seemed by his actions to desire us to follow him. This we did; and, when we reached the pasture, we observed the mate of the horse entangled in a bridge, which had broken through with him. After we had extricated his companion from his dangerous position, the horse which had given us notice of his companion's danger, came up and rubbed his head against us, showing great signs of satisfaction.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE house, owned by Charles D. Hay, about two miles north of the village of Middlebury, was recently destroyed by fire. Almost every thing in the house was consumed; and, had it not been for a dog that jumped upon the bed where Mr. Hay and family were sleeping, and awoke them, they would have perished in the flames.

A "PET" SQUIRREL.

THE "fitting" of cottage residents from their city homes is invariably attended with incidents more or less amusing, and sometimes not a little provoking. The saddest experience is that of a well-known gentleman, who arrived safely with his paraphernalia; but his downcast manner and frequent visits to the city for several days indicated the absence of something which greatly interfered with the natural serenity of his disposition.

His story is a touching one. "You see, we had a pet squirrel given to us; and, in order to have him enjoy the largest liberty, I placed him in an upper room where he had the freedom of an old crib, a few discharged rocking-chairs, ancestral feather-beds, and other like accumulations of fifteen years' housekeeping. An hour before we were to shut up our shop for the summer, I went to the room with a few ground nuts, and attempted to beguile the squirrel into a box, with the intent of carrying him to the shore, and there to restore him to the liberty of a thousand acres, which I proposed to give him possession of by a quiet claim deed. The squirrel took the nuts, but he would not enter the box. I accosted him in the most courteous terms, and he approached near enough to obtain his rations; but, when I brought my right hand round to capture him, he fled to the crib, and, between the bars, indulged in gutteral notes of defiance. I left him a supply of nuts, and came to the shore; but the next day I again went in search of him. He had managed to get along very comfortably; but there was a pleasant smile on his countenance, and he chirped a welcome which indicated a joy on his part to see me once again. For two hours I endeavored by all the arts of persuasion known to man to induce that fellow to come with me to the shore, but he revelled under the feather bed, dashed through the crib like an acrobat, and finally retired from sight."

These attempts at capture have been renewed, but without success; and the unpleasant duty of being obliged to live at the shore, and yet provide for that squirrel in town, stares the gentleman in the face. Is it at all wonderful that his spirits are a little depressed? The agony of the situation is aggravated by the thought that it is a *pet squirrel*.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

TEACH your children to love, — to love the rose, to love the robin, to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong.

To utter true words which shall remain in men's minds as a seed from which shall spring new forms, and again from these other fresh growths; to incite, by true action, others to actions as true, — this is worthy of life.

THE "St. Louis Republican" says, that, on Tuesday, a poor family of foot travellers made application to the office of the Mullanphy Board, in that city, for some aid to prosecute their journey. The party consisted of Mrs. Sarah Hatfield; her father, aged about eighty; her sister, aged fifty; a boy of thirteen; a girl of fourteen, and two dogs. They were barefooted and poorly clad. They represented that they were moving to Lawrence, Kan., and had come all the way on foot from Columbus, Ohio, having walked the distance because the railroad companies refused to transport the dogs. The affection they had for the animals was such that they would, on no account, consent to a separation. An arrangement was finally effected, by which the party were given transportation on the railroad to Lawrence, except the widowed sister, aged fifty, and the fourteen-year-old girl, who concluded to make the trip on foot, with the two dogs, to Lawrence, a distance of four hundred miles. The separation was painful, although only for a short time; and the re-union of dogs and all will make the family happy again.

PROPER PUNISHMENT FOR CRUELTY.

We may err in an excess of "humanitarianism" in many directions, but surely not in extending some measure of protection to animals wholly dependent on man for their proper food and housing. More especially have such useful servants of the human race as horses and dogs, which spend the whole of their existence in our service, a legitimate claim to fair treatment at our hands; and it is their misfortune that they are unable to tell of the wrongs which they are frequently made to suffer. Mr. CARLYLE has hinted that we do not "as yet" understand the speech of the winged and four-footed animals around us; and it may be that we shall never understand the cry of any such animal, except in so far as it indicates joy or pain; but in any case we have only too many instances continually occurring in which no counsel for the plaintiff is needed, so obvious are the cruelties that have been practised by human beings. We rejoice, therefore, to find that the Royal Society has been active and successful in bringing to justice the unfeeling or avaricious persons who have been guilty of cruelty towards the lower animals. The stories revealed in the prosecutions that come before the public are not of a nature to cause us to beg for leniency from the police magistrates and others called out to check such barbarism. One finds it difficult to say which is worse,—the cruelty inflicted on dumb animals through wantonness or callousness, and the cruelty inflicted through the cupidity of persons who care for nothing so long as they fill their pockets. Of late the magistrates have shown a very proper spirit in dealing with that savage ill-treatment which is too frequently inflicted by the owners of horses and dogs; while the idle ruffians who burn out birds' eyes, or gratuitously torture cats, have also been properly punished. We confess that the penalties inflicted in such cases have seldom, if ever, seemed to us exaggerated. The law is not supposed to take heed of meanness and cowardliness; but there is something exceptionally mean and cowardly in ill using animals incapable of reprisals; and if the magistrate trying such a case should express some natural indignation, and come down heavily on the brutal and despicable ruffian who tortures a dog, a horse, or a bird, we do not suppose that the public will be much disposed to regret the severity.—*London News.*

A NOBLE ART.

ONCE I remembered among my friends a lady who had known many afflictions, cares, and heart-griefs, and yet whose brightness of demeanor and cheerfulness were unflagging, whose very presence was a sunbeam. This lady talked often of her art. When praised for any striking course of action, she would reply, with a touching simplicity, "Yes: I learned that from my art."

As a child, I often wondered what this art could be; growing older, I set myself to find out. It was not the art of music, passionately fond as she was of that divine art, and on so lofty a pedestal as she placed it; for, being somewhat at home within its magic realms myself, I knew that she was not sufficiently skilled therein to designate it as her own. Nor was it the art of painting, nor yet of sculpture.

"Miss Margaret," I inquired one day, "what is your art?"

A sweet smile flitted across her face as she touchingly asked, for reply, "And have I so poorly exemplified it, all these years, that you need ask?"

"I am sure now," cried I, "that it is, after all, what has often suggested itself to my mind, 'the art of making the most of life.'"

"You are right," she answered, very well pleased; "and this I consider the greatest of arts: all others are sent to earth to aid us in perfecting it."

It is a matter of congratulation that there is a human law that vindicates the divine, and exacts a penalty from the heartless and thoughtless ones that outrage it.

KINGDOM NEARER COME.

HARK! clearly comes to listening sense,
From north and south, from east and west,
Pervading cry of need intense,—
The suffering creatures' keen protest.

From slaughtered buffalo afar,
From doves that bleed for man-kaman's aim,
From patient brute that draws the car,
The tortured, bruised, blind, and lame.

Lamb and lion lie together,
The kingdom blessed has nearer come;
Even the brute, man's lowly brother,
Has part with him in Christendom.

SNAKE-CHARMER.

The most charming snake-charmer is Mrs. M., whom an inquirer, "not very much afraid of snakes," has been kindly allowed to interview. Mr. M., who received the visitor, after remarks upon the weather, produced out of a cupboard a large boa-constrictor, a python, and several small snakes, which at once made themselves at home on the writing-table, among pens, ink, and books. Interviewer was a good deal startled, when the two large snakes coiled round and round Mr. M., and began to notice himself with their bright eyes and forked tongues. Mr. M. then went to call Mrs. M., leaving him alone with the boa deposited on an arm-chair. He felt queer when the animal began gradually to come near him, to improve their *tête-à-tête*, but was soon followed by two little children, charming and charmers also. The lady and the children went at once to the boa, and, calling it by the most endearing names, allowed it to twine itself most gracefully round about them. This boa-constrictor, as thick round as a small tree, twined playfully round the lady's waist and neck, forming a kind of turban round her head, and expecting to be petted and made much of like a kitten. The children, over and over again, took its head in their hands, and kissed its mouth, pushing aside its forked tongue in doing so. "Every one to his taste," as the old man said when he kissed his cow. The animal seemed much pleased, but kept continually turning its head toward interviewer, until he allowed it for a moment to nestle its head up his sleeve. This splendid serpent coiled all around Mrs. M., while she moved about the room and when she stood up to pour out the coffee.

About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. M. were away for six weeks, and left the boa in charge of a keeper at the Zoo. The poor reptile moped, slept, and refused to be comforted; but, when his master and mistress appeared, he sprang upon them with delight, coiling himself round them, and showing every symptom of intense delight. The children are devoted to their "darling Cleo," as they call the snake, and smiled when interviewer asked if they were ever frightened by it.

Interviewer's conclusion. It is mere prejudice, when snakes are not venomous, to abhor them as we do. They are intelligent and harmless, perfectly clean, with no sort of smell, make no kind of noise, and move about far more gracefully than lap-dogs or other pets. These seemed very obedient, and remained in their cupboard when told to do so.—*All the Year Round.*

SPEAKING OF CATS.—The "Newburyport Herald" says there is a family in that city who have a cat of almost human intelligence. He has been reared from a tiny kitten, and taught to perform many wonderful feats by a female member of the family. He rings the front-door bell for admittance; and, if not answered immediately, he becomes impatient, and gives it another vigorous pull, and so continues until admitted. He also sits up and gives a paw, or lays dead at a signal from his mistress. He walks the floor for half an hour by the side of the master of the house with a dignified air, and seems to consider himself a very important personage.

THERE is no path but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner, in the presence of a determined cheerfulness.

AN ANIMAL BAROMETER.

A LEECH kept in a phial of water is said to be an infallible *weather-glass*, and certainly it is a very cheap one. The experiment has been tried in England, with this result:

"If the weather continues serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form. If it rains either before or after noon, it is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging; and there it remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner moves through its limpid habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, for some days before, it lodges almost continually out of the water, and discovers great uneasiness in violent throes and convulsive-like motions. In frost, as in clear, summer-like weather, it is constantly at the bottom; and in snowy as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial. It may not be amiss to note that the leech is kept in a common eight-ounce glass phial, about three-fourths filled with water, and covered on the mouth with a bit of linen rag. In the summer-time, the water is changed once a week, and in the winter once a fortnight."

A NEW INSTRUMENT FOR SLAUGHTERING CATTLE.

Translated from the German for Our Dumb Animals.

MR. WENZEL, a Viennese magistrate, has brought, from a recent trip to Paris, a new instrument by which animals for slaughter can be killed by one blow. It is called the *bontrolen*.

The *bontrolen* is a very manageable axe, with an edge on one side; and on the other side is a cylinder about six inches long, and nearly an inch in diameter; it is sharp on the edge, and is the portion of the instrument that does the real act of slaughter.

The butcher strikes the animal a blow with it on the forehead, which cuts a round hole, and causes the animal to fall lifeless. That it kills with one blow is a great recommendation for the instrument, since, by the old method, it often required many blows of the hammer.

The authorities of St. Marc have unanimously accepted the proposal to acquaint themselves with this new method, and the society of butchers have acknowledged its practical worth.

The *bontrolen* weighs scarcely five pounds, and can be used by men who do not possess marked physical strength.

As soon as the authorities have familiarized themselves with the use of this instrument, there will be a public exhibition of the work it does, at which the society of butchers will be present.

As much less cruel as this method is, compared with the old one, so it is as much more barbarous compared with the neck pricking, used in Italy and elsewhere. The instrument used for this purpose is a sharp lancet, so applied as to sever the *vagus nerve*, which causes instant death. The Society for the Protection of Animals in Mecklenburg, where this method is adopted, have an iron collar with a hole in it corresponding to the place to be pierced, so that there is no danger of failure in the accomplishment of the desired object.

THERE is a dealer in Fulton Market, New York, whose special business it is to furnish the daily supply for the private cats of the adjoining stores and warehouses. The hearts and livers of animals are purchased from the butchers, chopped up, and retailed at five cents a package. The different kinds of meat are kept separate; for, as the dealer expresses it, "Some cats are particular, and won't eat but one kind of meat." Meat of a less delicate kind is also provided for dogs. The packages weigh but a few ounces, and the dealer has regular customers, who religiously market for their dumb favorites. He is doing a thriving business.

THE liberty to go higher than we are is given only when we have fulfilled the duty of our present sphere.

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Boston, November, 1873.

THE PULPIT.

As we have frequently suggested in our columns, there seems to us an excellent opportunity for clergymen to introduce the subject of cruelty to animals, and that of humane education, into their pulpits; and we have often expressed our disappointment that so few have embraced the opportunity.

If it would not seem presumptuous for a layman to suggest heads for a discourse, we think we could do so; but we will venture to offer to furnish documents to any one who would like to prepare such a sermon.

What better subject for a Thanksgiving discourse? If the hearers could be made to realize how dependent they were upon animals for the enjoyments of that day,—for the means of transportation, a part or all the way, to their family gathering,—and could be reminded of the faithfulness of the horse that had served them so long, and be made to inquire whether the owners or custodians had always seemed to appreciate fidelity; if they could be led to think, that, but for animals well fed and well cared for by *somebody*, their repast would be more meagre; if they could be induced to reflect a moment on the effect, good or bad, upon their children's character, by the control or loss of their own tempers in the treatment of animals, or of their general thoughtlessness in regard to these dependents,—we say, if these things only could be brought to their attention, the sermon would not be in vain. And the whole question of humane education, of both children and adults, would naturally follow.

But we will not continue this article further than to suggest that "nearly six hundred English Clergymen preached upon this subject in one year," and to hope that American clergymen will embrace so good an opportunity.

THREE-STORY STABLES.

THE recent burning of seventy horses, in a stable, reminds us to speak again, as we have heretofore, of the great wrong in confining a large number of horses in the lofts of a building, filled with combustible material like a stable. These lofts often have but one narrow exit; and, before the horses can be untied and led down, the whole building is likely to be in flames. The time is coming when the rights of animals will be so recognized, that such a practice will be forbidden by statute.

In the mean time, it has occurred to us that all the horses in a row of stalls could be fastened to a rod running the whole length, which, by a movement at one end, could release all the horses at once. This would save time, and be likely to save some horses in exposed situations, which otherwise would be burned to death.

But still, we contend, that the practice we have named ought to be forbidden.

Would the community tolerate for a moment the confinement of *human* beings in so combustible a building, with no opportunity to escape until some one came and released them? We think not. It is only because we have been accustomed to recognize animals as property only, having no rights of their own, that we have failed to do many things which will yet be done for their protection.

THE NATIONAL TRANSPORTATION LAW.

KINRED Societies, we trust, are notifying R.R. corporations in their vicinity of their liability under this law, for confining animals on cars more than twenty-eight hours, *including the time on connecting roads*.

LECTURES.

MR. ANGELL delivered a lecture, on the last Sunday in September, in the Congregational Church in Stoneham, to a large audience. By invitation he will lecture at Toronto, Montreal, and perhaps other places in Canada, during the present month.

Mr. Bergh has consented to lecture in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Portsmouth, N.H., during the coming winter.

We are glad to find this increasing practice of bringing the subject to public atten on in the form of lectures.

HORSES SLIPPING.

B. F. B. complains that the horses on our streets are continually slipping, and attributes it to the absence of carks on their shoes. We understand the experiment is being tried, of using the "Goodenough shoe," with a corrugated surface instead of carks, which is claimed to be an improvement, by bringing the frog to the pavement. It is doubtless the correct theory, that the frog should help support the foot; experience will show whether the use of the above-named shoe is open to objections.

GREASED PIGS AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

THIS is one of the "sports," for which premiums are sometimes paid at cattle fairs, although we do not see where the "improvement to stock" comes in; but when the *ears of the pig are cut off close to the head* before the race, as was the case in a recent fair in this State, it becomes a case of unnecessary suffering, and should be interfered with by our agents.

The managers of these fairs, in their desire to draw a crowd, should keep in mind the rights of the animals they exhibit, and the liability of the exhibitors under the law.

DO ANIMALS FORGET.

GEORGE MACDONALD says, in "Robert Falconer," "The power of enjoying the present, without anticipation of the future or regard of the past, is the especial privilege of the animal nature. . . . Herein lies the happiness of cab-horses. To them the gift of forgetfulness is of worth inestimable."

If this be true, why does a horse or dog who has a harsh and cruel master cringe and dodge when that master approaches them, while they approach a kind master with confidence, and crave his caresses? Is this not proof enough that they do *not forget*? but how much occasion do they have to forgive!

THE award of \$25.00, as a prize for a patent horse-racket should have been recorded to G. A. Parker, of Westford, not Westport, as published in our last.

"BLACK MARTIN" and "Horse Charlie" in our next.

NOTICES of the Kentucky and Cleveland Societies and new cattle-cars are crowded out.

Some people leave their horses in the pasture, without shelter, till the ground is covered with snow.

HOSE-RACING AT FAIRS.

ONE of our friends comments upon our criticism of horse-racing in October paper as follows:—

"As long as we poor mortals take pride and pleasure in *excellence*, whether as shown by our boy's writing the best composition on humane treatment of animals, by our ship's making the *quickest* passage of the year, or our horse's trotting the *fastest* mile, just so long will the public take more pleasure in 2.19 $\frac{1}{4}$ than in 2.50; and, although you and I may be the respective owners of "Chain Lightning" and "Electric Spark," the spectators will be as interested in one or the other as if the animals belonged to them.

It so rarely happens that the severe use of the whip helps the spur of the trotting-horse, I hope you will make a point of illustrating the humanity of our American trotting over English running races, where the whip and spur do severe punishment."

In a subsequent note he contends, that while "the use of the whip and spur is inevitable in a running race, where a horse is made to strain every muscle and nerve, it is impossible, as a rule, where a horse must be kept to a trot. There are some horses which will stand the whip without breaking their gait; but the cases are rare where any thing more severe than the tap of a whip can be applied to advantage: and it seems to me that this difference between running and trotting goes far to enhance the pleasure derived from races on the American plan. The amount of money given every year in premiums to trotting-horses shows that the people enjoy the sport; and as long as the races can be conducted in such a way as not to necessitate cruelty to the animals, I believe the sport to be innocent to the majority, and not to be cried down merely because there exists a class of men who will try to get a living by betting on horses, rather than by joining their profession at the Stock Exchange."

The criticism upon our article is a fair one, and his distinction between English and American races is just. If he had substituted "result in" for "necessitate" in the above lines, we might nearly agree with him. The question would turn upon the point, whether at any race there is "unnecessary suffering." If none, we certainly could not make any official criticism, whatever we may personally think of the general effect of the gatherings at horse-races. But if managers at all races will interfere when cruelty is inflicted, there will soon be no occasion for the criticism of any one.

BIRD CUTS.

HAVING purchased the twenty cuts used in our essay on insect-eating birds, we will loan them, without cost, except expressage, to any paper which will republish the essay.

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINES.

IT is a noticeable fact, that children's books and children's magazines nowadays devote much more attention to the subject of animals than formerly. The authors and publishers appreciate the increasing public interest in the subject; and besides, it furnishes an excellent field for illustration. And as they must almost of necessity weave in the attractive qualities of animals, hence the beauty and duty of treating them kindly. We look in this direction for one of the strongest helps to our cause.

Scribner & Co. have just issued the first number of "St. Nicholas," a children's magazine, beautifully illustrated, which gives promise of following in the course we have indicated; and hence has our hearty welcome.

REMEMBER your animals on Thanksgiving Day.

OREGON SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED SEPT. 9, 1873. HEAD-QUARTERS AT PORTLAND.

OFFICERS. — President, B. Goldsmith. Vice-Presidents, Henry Failing, W. S. Ladd, J. R. Cardwell, Wm. Wadham, Rev. T. L. Elliot. Recording Secretary, J. H. Woodward. Corresponding Secretary, W. T. Shanahan. Treasurer, James Steel.

BROKEN GLASS IN THE STREET.

AN OLD LADY'S PLEA.

PERHAPS it would be well to drop a word or two more about throwing glass in the street. I am tired of picking up glass in my town. I seldom go out without passing it. To-day I removed a lamp-chimney, all in pieces, to prevent a fine horse from stepping on it. Why not put them in the ash-barrel? Some years ago, my near neighbor, an honest, upright man, laid his dollar at a time to buy a horse. He accomplished his desire; but in a few weeks he was in sorrow, for that same horse had to be killed, because he got a piece of glass in his foot. A word to the kind or wise is sufficient.

S. A.

"PÂTE DE FOIE GRAS."

[Extract from a letter of an English Lady.]

I HAVE induced a great many people to promise that they will buy no more of those "pâtes de foie gras." I daresay you know the process by which they are obtained. The poor geese are chained down in burning, fiery furnaces, and they endure there all the supposed tortures of hell, in order that through the disease attendant on such misery, their livers may enlarge. I should be infinitely obliged if your society would send a deputation to the Emperor William on the subject. I believe he could have those Strasburg ovens destroyed if he would. My sister was taken into one of them, without being aware where she was going.

She fainted away at the awful spectacle. It is shocking to think how man abuses his power when he has the opportunity.

HORSE-RACES AT FAIRS.

AT the Hingham Agricultural Fair, the president, Hon. Albert Fearing, in his after-dinner remarks, said, "I am proud that the society never admitted horse-racing into any of its fifteen exhibitions;" and this remark was loudly applauded. — N. E. Farmer, Oct. 4.

ROCKVILLE, MD. — THE only race worthy of particular mention was that of five mules, the winning animal being blind, and otherwise the hardiest looking one in the lot, and its rider an old man with white hair and wrinkled face, who, by applying his cudgel at every leap of the poor beast, came in about three lengths in advance, amid the shouts of the multitude. — N. E. Farmer, Oct. 4.

CONVENIENT FORM OF BEQUEST. — I hereby give and bequeath to the MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, incorporated 1868, the sum of ——; and the receipt of the treasurer of said society shall be a good and valid discharge to my executors.

"THE SWALLOWS ARE GOING AWAY."

How they begin to gather together in flocks, and then, with the speed of lightning, to take their zigzag flight like a cloud. Thus to fly together in irregular courses is a thing we cannot imagine at all. When, and how, do they point out to each other that some sharp turn is to be taken?

To fly! Another sphere of life is before us, and we cannot conceive it. And we think we understand the world. What is fixed we conceive; and only what is fixed: beyond that, certain thought ceases, and conjecture begins.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

MR. BERGH of the New-York Society sent a circular to each member of the conference, in which he asked their consideration of our subject; and, after speaking of the commencement of the movement by him in this country, and of the difficulties encountered and the present success, he says, —

"Much as has been done, much yet remains to be performed; and this brings me to the purpose of this communication.

"The co-operation of the clergy is required. It is their sacred privilege and advantage to hold communion with, and to influence the moral tendencies of, their parishioners, more directly and potently than is permitted to others. Let this softening and regenerating power be addressed to them by the preacher, I implore, in the name of our God, our country, and our civilization. Let this subject be offered for their contemplation, through the instrumentality of the eloquent piety of the clergy, as often as may be, under the stern conviction, that no human being, whatever be his devotion to the Most High in other respects, yet, insensible to the cruelties and sufferings wantonly imposed on these speechless and indispensable companions of mankind on earth, can ever be considered an acceptable Christian in His sight.

"To that end I pray that they devote one or more discourses yearly to this work."

Mr. Bergh afterwards accepted an invitation to address the conference for ten minutes, upon this theme, which took place at Rev. Dr. Crosby's church, Oct. 11.

We trust the effect of the circular and address will not be lost upon the clergy of the whole country.

THE CHECK-REIN.

[Extract from an English Lady's letter.]

SOME unknown friend enclosed me a packet of tracts, wherein I found, to the rejoicing of my heart, one of the most excellent tracts on the subject of cruelty I ever had, on "The Check-rein," or, as we term it here, "the light bearing and fixed rein." I have all my life considered its use as *one of the most perpetual, fearful tortures existing*, and from a girl, have, I believe, persuaded more persons to discontinue its infliction than any single individual in this cruel city. My efforts are tiny compared with what, *if I had means, I could do*; but as I find these valuable tracts by the president are to be sent *without cost*, I will indeed be thankful to distribute wisely any number you might choose to send me, to *all* classes using horses. I am on a high road, and surrounded by these men, and drovers of all kinds. Our cabmen, excepting perhaps half a dozen, do not use the check-rein. The evil is growing with "hawkers" and "railway carriers." I prayed yesterday that I had more influence, to procure a by-law against its use; as veterinary surgeons, in a *host*, could testify that its use is "aiding and abetting cruelty"; and it is *wanton cruelty*, though much arises from *perfect ignorance* and want of thought.

If you have such a tract as *this* in your hand, your success will be greater while arguing with the drivers and owners of cattle. I need a large supply of general tracts and pamphlets. All my little ones are missionaries in *this way*; and we supply all the cab-stands, drovers, carters, hawkers, &c. When we can get the material, we work hard and joyfully. I see secretly the result of my humble efforts, and often have owners of large teams of horses calling on me to thank me for the information I have given; but I have no means left *now*: money is difficult to get. For so neglected a cause, we want *individual effort* to stem the tide of wretched suffering to our dumb friends."

SOME Alexandria boys recently obtained free admission to the circus by stealing the cats in the neighborhood, and throwing them to feed the animals.

CASES INVESTIGATED.

BY BOSTON AGENTS IN OCTOBER.

Whole number of complaints 58; viz., driving when lame and galled 26, overdriving 1, driving when diseased 1, failing to provide proper food 1, torturing 3, defective streets 1, general cruelty 23, dog-fighting 1, cruelty in transportation, 1.

Remedied without prosecution 37, not substantiated 5, under investigation 5, not found 4, prosecuted 7, convicted 6, pending 1.

Animals killed 16, temporarily taken from work, 24.

FINES.

From Justices' Courts, — Wakefield, \$10; Newton, \$50; Brighton, \$10; Methuen, \$5; East Bridgewater, \$10.

From District Courts, — Central Berkshires (2 cases), \$6;

Central District, Worcester, \$10.

From Police Courts, — Haverhill (2 cases), \$35; Somerville \$5; Chelsea \$20; Lawrence (2 cases), \$13.

From Municipal Court, — Boston (3 cases), \$25.

Witness Fees, — \$7.90.

BY COUNTY AGENTS.

(Partial Report) from July 1 to Oct. 1.

Beating, 82; overworking, 63; overdriving, 50; driving when lame and galled, 107; when diseased, 33; failing to provide proper food, &c., 19; torturing, 17; abandoning, 11; general cruelty, 86.

Remedied without prosecution, 409; not substantiated, 38; prosecuted 24; of which 17 were convicted.

Animals killed, 77.

NEGLECT OF AGENTS TO REPORT.

THE above report of investigated cases comes from less than one-half our agents, the others having failed to return the blanks sent them, or to make any report whatever. Let us hope for a fuller report next quarter.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the person giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

J. Sawyer, \$5; Mrs. A. S. Spencer, \$1; C. T. Wood, \$5.

SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

W. H. H. Bryant, Phoebe R. Gifford, Wills, Edmonds, & Co., H. O. Houghton, C. Copeland, George O. Smith, B. F. Burgess & Son, Braman, Shaw, & Co., M. A. Wood, Dr. C. J. Blake, Oscar Withers, Eastern Express Co., John P. Knowles, N. D. Thurber, George Houghton, John Brown, Jun., Dea. Jona R. Gurney, Mrs. Roberts Vaux, Ezra Abbott, Eben Snow, P. P. Wetherell, Mrs. B. H. Greene, N. C. Poor, D. P. Isley, William Hunt, Samuel B. Morse, L. M. Leyburn, J. Caldwell, Charles L. Noble, Henry Perrin, Mrs. E. R. Cogswell, Charles Brigham, Mrs. Henry Leeds, Jun., Ralph Hobill, Nichols & Fletcher, F. D. Brigham, Caleb L. Ellis, Wm. H. Ford, John B. Chandler, Mrs. A. S. Spencer, A. M. Brown, Albert Pitts, Benjamin Howard, John H. Newhouse, W. P. Letchworth, Zinc Collar Pad Co., Edward Bates, Charles F. Wyman, Daniel Staniford, W. B. Atkinson, Mrs. S. Dickinson, G. W. Gale, H. E. Smith, Charles D. Swain, Dr. A. H. Nichols, H. Lummis, H. H. McBurney, Mrs. John Oliver, Jun., H. C. Hayden, H. E. Jones, Mrs. Nathaniel Stevens, \$3; Robert Wood & Co., \$2; E. H. Russell, \$2; Maria Murdock, \$2; Helen Willard, \$2; Mrs. Ruthven, \$2; Geo. W. Chase, 25.

THOSE who visited our fair, two years since, will remember a pair of beautiful kittens (contributed by Mrs. Hunt of Weymouth), and the anxiety to obtain them by various parties. The grandmother of these felines has just died, aged seventeen, — a very unusual age for a cat.

For Our Dumb Animals.

CRUELTY TO FOWLS.

I NOTICED in your paper for September a short article from some other paper on the cruel mode of handling fowls, with your query if any such thing was practised in this State. I have often noticed those practices at the poultry stands near Quincy Market. Have frequently seen women handling and carrying live geese with the wings crossed over each other, which certainly must be very distressing to the poor birds. This, too, after being cooped up several days perhaps, on cars or steamboats, coming from the country, where they had plenty of room for exercise and to stretch their necks and wings. The subject is well worthy of consideration; and, if you or some of your agents in Boston should occasionally visit those places where live fowls are marketed, I have no doubt you would see that what I have written is true.

C. T. W.

LEXINGTON, September, 1873.

Our Dumb Animals.

Children's Department.

WHOSE NEGLECTED CANARY?

WHOSE NEGLECTED CANARY IS THIS?

Do you all see this canary bird, with rumped feathers and drooping wings, perched in front of its empty seed cup? Poor little bird! No seed to eat, no water to drink or in which to bathe! Where is the little mistress who should have cared for its needs? Is she a bad child, thus to neglect her pet? No, not bad, only thoughtless. She forgets that her bird needs constant and kindly care, else its welcoming song will be hushed, and it will droop and die.

Dear children, dear old folks too, would birds be neglected, as they often are, if they could speak our language, and plead for their rights? If we deprive them of their liberty, we ought at least to give them proper food and drink, regular attendance and comfortable quarters. See if the following rules from the "Country Gentleman" are observed in your house:—

RULES FOR CARE OF CANARY BIRDS.

1. During the summer season you should have both a drinking-cup and a bathing-dish in the cage, and should wash them well twice a day, and fill with fresh water. The seed-cup should be filled every morning.

2. The room in which the bird is kept should never be warmer than 90°.

3. Feed plain food. Now and then a lump of sugar does no harm; but as a general rule avoid sweets. Keep the cutile-fish dry and clean, and see only fresh and dry seed.

4. Never place a cage where a draught can strike the bird.

5. Never smoke in a room where your bird is kept, as the odor of a cigar is fatal to canaries.

6. As a general rule, never keep the bird in a painted cage; for the birds will peck at the wires, and it will lead to disease.

7. When your bird is shedding feathers, which is generally styled moulting, avoid draughts of air.

By obeying these simple directions, you can keep birds in excellent health for years.

LITTLE E. S. H. of Lawrence has our thanks for the kindness to the little maltese of which he tells us in his letter. We hope he will always do likewise to all animals, and encourage his companions to do so.

Ax ignorant Indiana farmer tied a goose on the roof of his barn, and left it to starve to death; and now he believes that so long as any part of the old bird remains, the farm will be safe from lightning.

Be not stingy of kind words and pleasing acts; for such are fragrant gifts, whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who receive them.



CARE FOR SPARROWS.

A LITTLE girl, seeing the servant throw the crumbs into the fire, said, "Don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But," said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help him take care of the little birds, than scatter or waste the food that he gives us."

So she carefully collected what was left of the crumbs, and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot, and picked up the crumbs she had scattered. After this she every day collected in a little basket the crumbs and bits of bread that had fallen around the table, and threw them under the window for the little birds; and during all the winter these little creatures came regularly after each meal to partake of the food thus provided for their support.

How beautiful it was to see this little girl trying "to help God," as she said, and thus early learning to be kind to the helpless of God's creatures! Children, embrace every opportunity of showing kindness to animals!

DESERVE friends, and you will have them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people, and you have only to carry a kind, sympathetic heart in your own bosom to call out goodness and friendship from others.

WHY ARE MALE BIRDS MOST BEAUTIFUL?

AN ANSWER FOR THE BOYS.

HAVE you ever wondered why the male of so many species of birds is so much more highly colored than the female? A good many persons have wondered, and formed theories about it. The one that seems to me most likely to be right is this: They say, where the male bird is gay and showy, he does not take his turn in sitting on the eggs to hatch them; but where both of the parent-birds are much alike, and both of a sober tint, each takes a share in the work of incubation.

A bird of dull color is not easily noticed among the branches and leaves, or on the ground, if it nests there. You see, if a boy who can hit a mark with a stone so neatly, should happen, all of a sudden, to spy a bright-red mother-bird on a nest, he would not stop to think before he would send a pebble speeding after it, and, when it was too late to think, the beautiful creature might be killed; and how sorry he would feel when he heard the other bird mourning for his dead mate, and thought of the pretty eggs, and the little birds that might have been but for his temptation, and now can never be. We shall find, as we go on to study nature, how God takes care for the preservation of his creatures. Does not this care in coloring the sparrow, to insure her safety, look some like the answer, before it is said, to the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"? And who knows but this is for the good of the boys as well as the birds?

F. B. J. in *Laws of Life*.

THE worthiest of persons are frequently attacked by slander, as we generally find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

IT HASN'T ANY MOTHER.

A FEW years ago, a little dark-eyed orphan boy came to my house to stay a few weeks. There was a little, puny kitten about the house continually poking its nose into places forbidden, and thereby calling down upon its head the wrath of the housekeeper. Several times it had been sent whirling through the window or door into the yard. One day, when it had thus been treated, Willie beheld the scene. He took the kitten up in his arms, stroking its back tenderly, and came into the house. His dark eyes were full of tears. Pity and indignation mingled in all his tremulous tones when he said, "You must be kind to the little kitten now, for it hasn't got any mother!"

Later in the evening, Willie lay asleep on the carpet, in one hand a knife, and in the other a half-eaten apple. Directly the kitten came in, and went whining around, until it saw Willie, when, without delay it ceased its piteous mewling, crawled up close to his bosom, and went to sleep too. — Selected.

It requires more magnanimity to give up what is wrong than to maintain what is right; for one pride is wounded by the one effort, and flattered by the other.

THE BATTLE OF THE BULL-FROGS.

MANY of the citizens of Vermont will remember to have seen on one-dollar bills of the Windham County State Bank, a vignette representing bull-frogs fighting.

This was engraved to commemorate the Battle of the Bull-frogs. The facts are as follows:—

Many years ago, when the town of Windham was newly settled, there came a very dry season. There are two large ponds in Windham, separated by an intervening strip of land of considerable extent. Each of these ponds was inhabited by a large community of the reptiles above named. The smaller pond dried up, and its inhabitants started in a body for the lower and larger pond. They were met in the intervening space by the community from the larger pond, and a fierce and long-continued battle ensued between the rival communities. Such was the hideous bellowing of the frogs during their fierce encounter, that it alarmed the inhabitants, who at first supposed it to be the whoop of the hostile savages. But curiosity getting the better of their fears, they cautiously proceeded to the spot whence the hideous sounds issued, and there beheld the strange spectacle of two immense armies of bull-frogs, covering many acres of ground, engaged in a fierce and deadly battle. This battle continued more than twenty-four hours, and when it was over the ground was literally covered with the slain. — *Montpelier Freeman.*

CURRY-COMB, CARD, AND BRUSH.

THERE is a world of comfort and downright luxury in a good scratch, both for human people and for domestic animals. Posts and bars for rubbing and scratching should be put up in pastures and barn-yards, and kept moderately rough so as to take hold of the skin.

But our principal object in this present writing is to insist on a more free use of the curry-comb and brush, upon horses and cattle, at all seasons. These stable implements are not used as often and regularly as they should be by the generality of farmers. A good dressing-down of the horse each morning with the curry-comb and brush is fully equal in health-giving power and elasticity of movement, to quarts of oat. It is a grateful attention, repaid many fold by the animal which is the stated recipient of it.

But while bestowing this care upon the horse, as most persons do, knowing its beneficial effects, they very generally seem to forget that oxen and cows are equally benefited by a daily application of the card. There is no room for doubt on this subject, with those who have been accustomed to bestow this attention to the dairy and working stock. A free use of the card gives repose to the animals, enables them to enjoy and digest their food in quiet, instead of raking their bodies against posts, trees, and fences, as opportunity offers, for allaying the irritation, produced by an accumulation of dust, hay-seed, and other irritants common to the stable and barn-yard. Even young colts, calves, and yearlings are greatly benefited by the use of the card; while its daily use is a step in the breaking or training process by which the services of the animals are made more readily available when properly matured for labor.

It seems absurd to scrub a fattening porker, but those who have practised it concur in its utility. One reason why hogs like to immerse themselves in pools of stagnant water is found in the fact, that their bodies become incrusted with dirt, causing an itching which the pool they seek allies. This irritation renders them restless, and retards the process of fattening very materially. This can be prevented by an application of soap suds, aided by a splint broom commonly used for cleaning stables and cross walks. A liberal application of suds, and a good scrubbing daily, will allay irritation, and give that repose to the animals which is essential to a steady and rapid accumulation of flesh and fat matter. The labor of preparing and applying the wash, at least once a day during the milder portions of the season, will be amply remunerated in the increased weight of the animals when the slaughtering season arrives.

THE OLD BARN.

RICKETY, old, and crazy,
Shingleless, lacking some doors,
Bad in the upper story,
Wanting boards on the floors,
Cobwebs over the rafters,
Ridge-pole rotten and gray,
Hanging in helpless impotence
Over mows of hay.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE CRUELTIES.

THE following extract from the correspondence of "The Boston Transcript" describes the cruelties in slaughter-house in South America. But, when we tell our readers that similar cruelties are inflicted in the United States of North America, they will not be surprised that we transfer the description to our columns, and repeat the inquiry that the writer makes at the conclusion of the article.

. . . This, I understand, is a government institution, and under its immediate control and management. When it is understood, that, upon an average, three hundred head of cattle, not counting the sheep, hogs, and calves, are slaughtered here daily through the year, one can judge somewhat of the system and labor necessary for the successful management of it. Our steps were first directed to a large yard, in which were some two or three hundred cattle, none of them particularly prepossessing in appearance. . . . These creatures — either from long fasting, which their appearance indicated, or from other cruelties they had been subjected to, probably from both causes — were wild with excitement. From this large yard, twenty or thirty at a time were driven into a small enclosure connected with the main building, by shouts and the aid of sharp points in the end of stout sticks, six or seven feet long, in the hands of the most ferocious-looking men I ever saw; and their looks, judging from what I afterwards witnessed, did them no injustice. Before entering the next apartment, allow me to give a slight description of it. Fancy a room one hundred feet long, and sixty wide, with all the paraphernalia necessary for the dressing of thirty cattle at a time, — a stone floor upon which one hundred oxen had already been slaughtered that morning without in any way being cleansed; and fifty or sixty men, nearly naked, and literally covered, from the soles of their feet to the crowns of their heads, with the crimson stains of their profession. These men, at a signal from a bell, arranged themselves at equal distances apart on either side of the building, armed with long-handled axes. When all was ready, the doors leading into the small yard were thrown open; and then commenced from the rear of the animals the most unearthly shouting and bellowing I ever listened to, accompanied by a free use of the pikes in the hands of these (in appearance, certainly) demons, until they were all driven into the large apartment where these executioners were standing like statues, with uplifted axes, awaiting their approach. Maddened by the sight and smell of the blood, which was over shoes upon the floor, they rushed furiously from one end of the room to the other, their pursuers keeping up their shouting and goading, and as one came within reach of an axe, like a flash of lightning it descended, usually with unerring precision, the blade striking the animal upon the neck, just back of the horns, severing the cords, and frequently the bone, of the neck, bringing them to the floor, and the next instant, by one thrust of a long knife, with which they were also armed, and the business was completed. This was continued till the floor was covered with carcasses. What with the bellowing and rushing-about of the creatures, the shouting of the men, and the thug-like sound of the axes as they descended on every side, a scene was portrayed not only exciting and sickening, but difficult to describe. The thought occurred to me, Can the beef of cattle slaughtered under such a state of excitement be proper food for man?

It seems absurd to scrub a fattening porker, but those who have practised it concur in its utility. One reason why hogs like to immerse themselves in pools of stagnant water is found in the fact, that their bodies become incrusted with dirt, causing an itching which the pool they seek allies. This irritation renders them restless, and retards the process of fattening very materially. This can be prevented by an application of soap suds, aided by a splint broom commonly used for cleaning stables and cross walks. A liberal application of suds, and a good scrubbing daily, will allay irritation, and give that repose to the animals which is essential to a steady and rapid accumulation of flesh and fat matter. The labor of preparing and applying the wash, at least once a day during the milder portions of the season, will be amply remunerated in the increased weight of the animals when the slaughtering season arrives.

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Stable and Farm.

FROSTED BITS.

THERE is an absolute cruelty in putting a frosted bit into a horse's mouth. Every time it is put in it freezes the flesh; and, if repeated several times, the horse's mouth becomes sore and finally ulcerated. This condition of the mouth causes the horse to refuse to eat; and the injury thus done to him is a loss of many dollars to his owner. If there was no way of preventing this, there might be some excuse; but, as it is, the act of putting a *frosted* bit into a horse's mouth is simply barbarous. — *Harness-Maker's Journal.*

Covering the bits with leather, or dipping them in water before using, prevents this evil. — *Ed.*

For Our Dumb Animals.

TREATMENT OF HOGS.

It has always seemed strange to me that farmers keep hogs under barns in dark, dirty places. One vacation, when I was in the country, I went from farm to farm for the express purpose of seeing how and where pigs were kept; for I had heard my father say that trichina, about which so much has been said, was the result of bad management of hogs, and that it would require years to purify swine so as to make them healthy food.

How I pitied the poor animals deprived of light and air, and doomed to wallow all their lives in mire.

The farmers, to a man, assured me that pigs thrived better in the dirt. I, a small boy, could not dispute the point, though I had my own thoughts on the subject.

By and by, I was invited to visit the pigery of a widow lady, who was experimenting on the method of raising pigs. What a difference in her arrangements! Here the pens, some twelve or fifteen in number, were nice little houses with windows and doors, sleeping and living apartments. The latter had sanded floors, and were furnished with nice troughs for food, and vessels of clean water. The upper, or sleeping rooms, to which they ascended on an inclined plane, were covered with clean straw. The lower rooms opened into a large enclosure, in which was a shallow pond with pebbled bottom.

On my next visit I was surprised to be followed round by a good-sized animal, that kept snuffing at my pocket with a subdued grunt. "What does that mean?" I asked with surprise. "Perhaps you have sugar in your pocket," answered the keeper, smiling. "That pig is a great pet and favorite with young Master John, who often treats it to a lump of sugar." I felt in my pocket; and sure enough there was a piece of maple-sugar, which I gave to piggy, whose little eyes twinkled, and his tail wiggled with delight.

I observed that such pigs could not be raised for the market. "Why not?" asked the man who had the care of them. "They furnish pork of a superior quality. Mrs. C. has already sold more than enough to pay all expenses, my wages into the bargain, and she pays me well for all I do."

"But you treat them so kindly I—" "Yes, yes, I understand," he said, laughing, "you don't see how we can bear to part with, or have them killed; that was for a time a great perplexity; now we have hit upon a plan which promises to work well: when we sell a hog, we do not hold ourselves responsible for the quality of its meat, unless it is managed according to the printed regulations, which every buyer receives."

"You never hear any great noise about our premises. We get a hog into a crate prepared for it, handle it gently, take care that it does not get frightened or hurt, and we do our best to persuade people to do the same." — *L. B. U.*

WE cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.

Our Dumb Animals.

ONTARIO (CANADA) SOCIETY.

THIS new society, located at Toronto, has gone to work with an earnestness not excelled by any other in the same length of time after its organization. It has just issued the following circular:—

OFFICE, SHAFTESBURY HALL, TORONTO.

The executive committee of the "Ontario Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" begs to present the public with a brief statement of its work during the first three months of its existence. An office has been opened in the rear of Shaftesbury Hall, which is attended by the agent and inspector daily (Saturdays excepted), between the hours of two o'clock and five o'clock. In the earlier portions of the day, this officer is employed in detecting cases of cruelty on the public streets and in the market-places of the city. The Society's complaint-book shows that the direct agency of the Society has been employed as follows: Cases dealt with by remonstrance or report to employers, eighty; by letters of warning, six; by prosecution, six. Of the cases prosecuted, three were fined, two discharged,—the offenders paying costs,—and one was withdrawn. Upwards of one thousand copies of pamphlets and back-numbers of the excellent Boston publication, "Our Dumb Animals," have been distributed to hostlers, teamsters, and others. One horse, old, blind, and lame, that had been cruelly turned adrift by its owner, and had for some days been wandering about the city, was mercifully destroyed by the inspector. The society established in Montreal has sought our co-operation in obtaining an amendment of the law respecting cruelty at the next session of the Dominion Parliament. The special attention of the executive has been directed to the necessity for additional by-laws in our own city, to compel teamsters and other drivers of two-wheeled vehicles to carry a support suspended to the shafts, to be used while loading and unloading; and to render the seizure of loaded whips, goads, and other instruments of torture, within the city limits, legal. It will be observed that the number of prosecutions has been small. This has been intentional; the object being to prevent, and to prosecute only with this object in view. Arrangements are in course of completion with Messrs. G. T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston, and Henry Bergh, President of the American S. P. C. A., New York, for lectures during the approaching lecture-season. Friends of the cause of humanity will, we are assured, look forward with pleasure to the visits of these gentlemen. We are in need of subscriptions to enable us to carry forward the work of the Society; and we feel confident that the public will support us in this appeal. The subscription for membership, entitling to vote at the Society's annual meeting in July next, is \$2 per annum. Subscriptions of large or small sums will be gladly received and acknowledged by the treasurer, Mr. G. H. Wilson, of the Bank of Montreal, or by any member of the executive. The agent has been instructed to canvass for members and subscribers. On behalf of the Executive Committee.

THOS. ELGAR, Secretary.
TORONTO, October, 1873.

IOWA AND ILLINOIS.

CONSIDERABLE grain and flour is being hauled over from Davenport, and shipped from the Peoria depot in this city. The teams cross on the ferry-boat. They load from four thousand to five thousand pounds on a wagon, an amount which makes it a cruelty to the horses and mules that are compelled to pull it up the steep landing. We are told the teamsters contract to load so many cars for a certain price, and then, to save trips and ferry-tolls, load down their teams to the very utmost limits of their capacity.—*Illinois Paper.*

II In the bill of a swallow which was stunned by flying against an umbrella a gentleman was raising to-day, were counted twenty-one freshly-caught flies. No better proof of the usefulness of these little birds. It is often a common amusement of cruel boys to kill them when flying about the streets.

HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.

"I number none but the cloudless hours."

[*The motto on a sun-dial at Venice.*]

THERE stands in the garden of old St. Mark,
A sun-dial quaint and gray,
And it takes no heed of the hours in the dark
That pass over it day by day:
It has stood for ages among the flowers,
In the land of sky and song,—
"I number none but the cloudless hours,"
Its motto all the day long.

So let my heart in this garden of life
Its calendar cheerfully keep,
Taking no note of the sorrow and strife
Which in shadow across it creep,
Content to dwell in this land of ours,
In the hope that is twin with love,
And numbering none but the cloudless hours,
Till the day-spring dawn from above.

W. C. DOANE.

BAGGING COWS.

THE report of the Leeds Branch of the Royal Society says,—

"The attention of the society has long been called to the vicious practice of 'overstocking,' by which is meant the custom of leaving cows for an unreasonable time *unmilked*, for the purpose of showing a largely-distended *udder*, and so enhancing their supposed value as milk-givers, when exposed for sale. A case of this kind was brought before the bench during the past year, but was dismissed, with costs against the society, partly because that (notwithstanding scientific indications of it) it was impossible to *prove* cruelty; but chiefly on the ground of 'custom.' It is much to be desired, that, if the 'custom' be continued in this neighborhood, the offenders may yet be convicted, as they have already been in other places; for the *suffering* of a cow, treated as described, can, if there is any force in analogy, scarcely be questioned."

We have had some of the same difficulties here, but we do not intend to cease our efforts till the cruel practice is abandoned.

HUNTING MATCHES.

THIRTY-EIGHT Walpole men spent thirty-six hours in killing 492 small animals and birds, which were mostly uneatable. The losing side paid for something that was fit to eat. —*Exchange.*

Squirrel-hunts, in which sides are chosen, and a day or two devoted to the slaughter of small animals, seem to flourish in Vermont. There was recently a two-days' hunt at Saxton's River, near Bellows Falls. There were thirty-two men on a side; and the count was 11,390 on one side, and 9,955 on the other. Among the animals killed on both sides were nine hawks, nineteen rats, four woodchucks, forty-eight gray squirrels, one hundred and fourteen red squirrels, nine hundred and fifteen chipping squirrels, five crows, one coon, twelve skunks, sixteen bluejays, seventeen woodpeckers, two partridges, and one fox. In all 1,118 animals were killed, most of them harmless alive and useless dead.—*Exchange.*

If the first extract above refers to Walpole, N.H., we beg to remind the citizens of that State that there is no society kindred to ours in their commonwealth, except at Portsmouth, which has a limited jurisdiction. If it refers to Walpole, Mass., the more shame for its citizens.

The second paragraph refers to Vermont, where there is no society, although its last legislature passed a good law, except that they exempted the railroads from the penalty of the cruel transportation of cattle.

When will these two States awake?

CULTIVATE consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain of the most ill-use are the ones who abuse themselves and others the oftenest.

DELAWARE.

THIS State protects her insect-eating birds as follows:—

ACTS OF 1871. Section 1.—That no person in this State shall kill, take, or destroy, upon lands not owned by himself, any of the following birds, viz.: Robin, blue-bird, marten, swallow, mocking-bird, thrush, woodpecker, sparrow, wren, whip-poor-will, cat-bird, night-hawk, wake-up, dove, cuckoo, kingbird, oriole, fire or red bird, yellow-bird, hummingbird, bob-o-link, ground-robin, field-lark, sky-lark, brown-thrasher, or other insectivorous bird.

Sect. 2. Every person who wilfully violates the preceding section, or who wilfully takes or destroys the eggs or nests of any of the aforesaid birds, shall be punished by a fine of one dollar for every bird so killed, taken, or destroyed, or for every nest of birds' eggs taken or destroyed as aforesaid; and every person having such birds in possession shall be deemed to have taken or killed them, unless he proves the contrary.

We hope, that, during the coming winter, an active kindred society will be organized at Wilmington, it having already been chartered.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DECISION RENDERED.—In the matter of Pyle & Bailey, Chester-county drovers, who left a sick cow on the New-Holland turnpike last May, which was cared for by Mr. Geo. W. Reichenbach, agent of the S. P. C. A. at Lancaster, and afterwards condemned and killed by said agent to put it out of its misery, suit was brought by Mr. Reichenbach, before Recorder Evans, last week, to recover from the drovers the amount of \$40.20, expenses incurred in keeping the cow. The recorder gave judgment in favor of Mr. Reichenbach for the full amount claimed.

TOM SAYERS AND THE DRAYMAN.

We do not believe in taking the law into one's own hands, we do not believe in pugilists like Sayers; but as the following story was told by a clergyman, at a meeting of a kindred society, at Aberdeen in Scotland, we republish it from "The Animal World," with some mental controversy about the wrong act and the deserved punishment.

Rev. Samuel Clark related the following anecdote:—

"Some few years ago, as I was walking down a street in London, I saw a brewer's drayman cruelly ill-treating a horse which was for the time under his control. The poor creature, evidently possessed of great power, but not understanding quite what the man meant, did not do exactly what he wished, whereupon the brewer's drayman treated the animal in a way which excited the indignation of all the onlookers, of whom I was one. However, no one seemed disposed to come into active collision with the man, a strong bulky fellow; and all that was done was to shout out, 'Shame! shame!' But just at the time a little gig drove up, in which were seated two persons, the driver being a smallish man with a white hat and coat. He stopped his vehicle, and joined in the remonstrances of the crowd, but with no effect; the brewer's drayman saying, with a surly growl, 'If you come down, I'll serve you in the same way.' [Laughter.] No sooner was this said than the little man handed his white hat and reins to the other person in the gig, and alighting on the street, in the course of a very few minutes inflicted such punishment on the brewer's drayman as gave joy to the hearts of all the humane bystanders. [Laughter and applause.] His anger being satisfied, to the great mortification of the drayman, he got up into his gig, and drove away, all the bystanders cheering him, and shouting, 'Bravo, Tom! bravo!' [Applause.] I turned to one of the bystanders, and asked, 'Who is Tom?' — 'Why, don't you know?' said he, 'that's Tom Sayers.' [Laughter and applause.] Well, I must confess, though I had heard of his doing a few months before, I took off my hat and shouted, 'Bravo, Tom!' to the retreating hero, with the best of them." [Much laughter and applause.]

